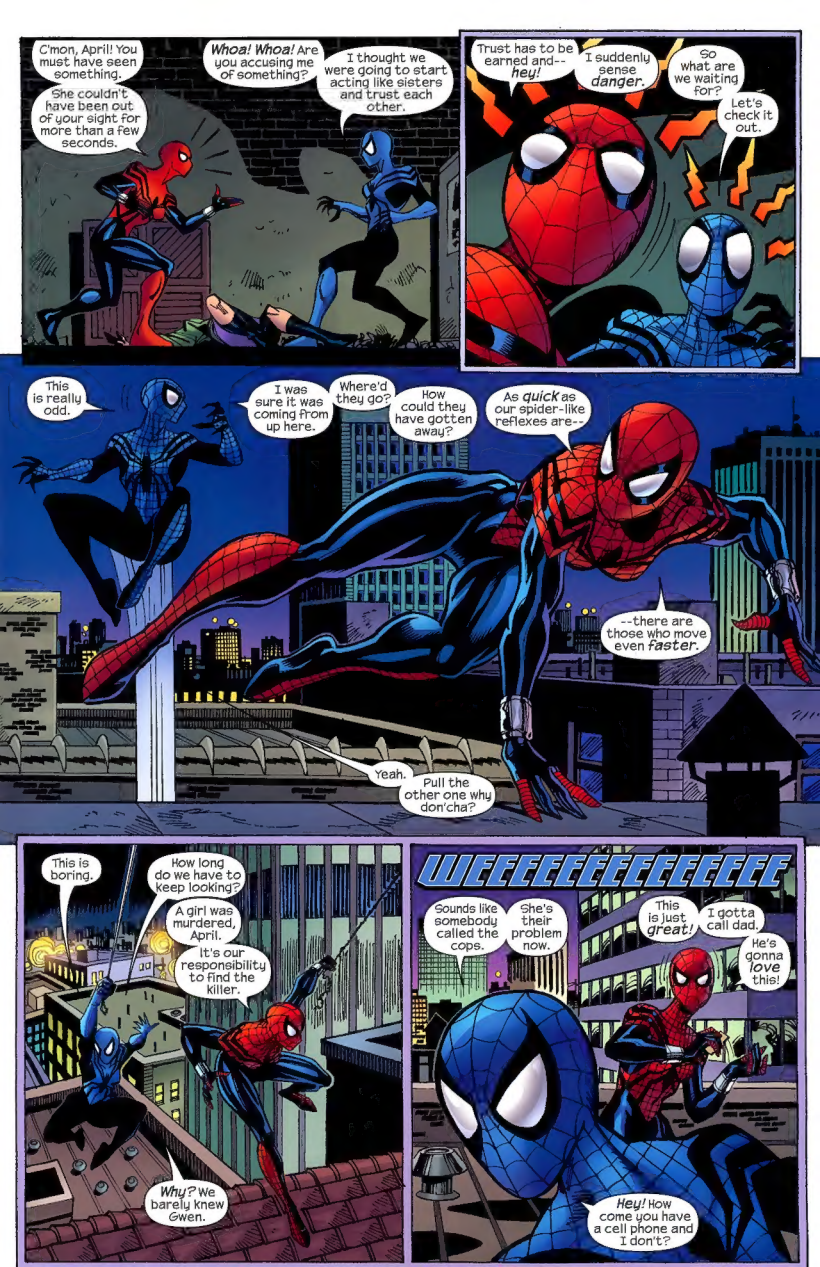
70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
2
THE SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
MARVEL DIGITAL COMICS
EXCLUSIVE

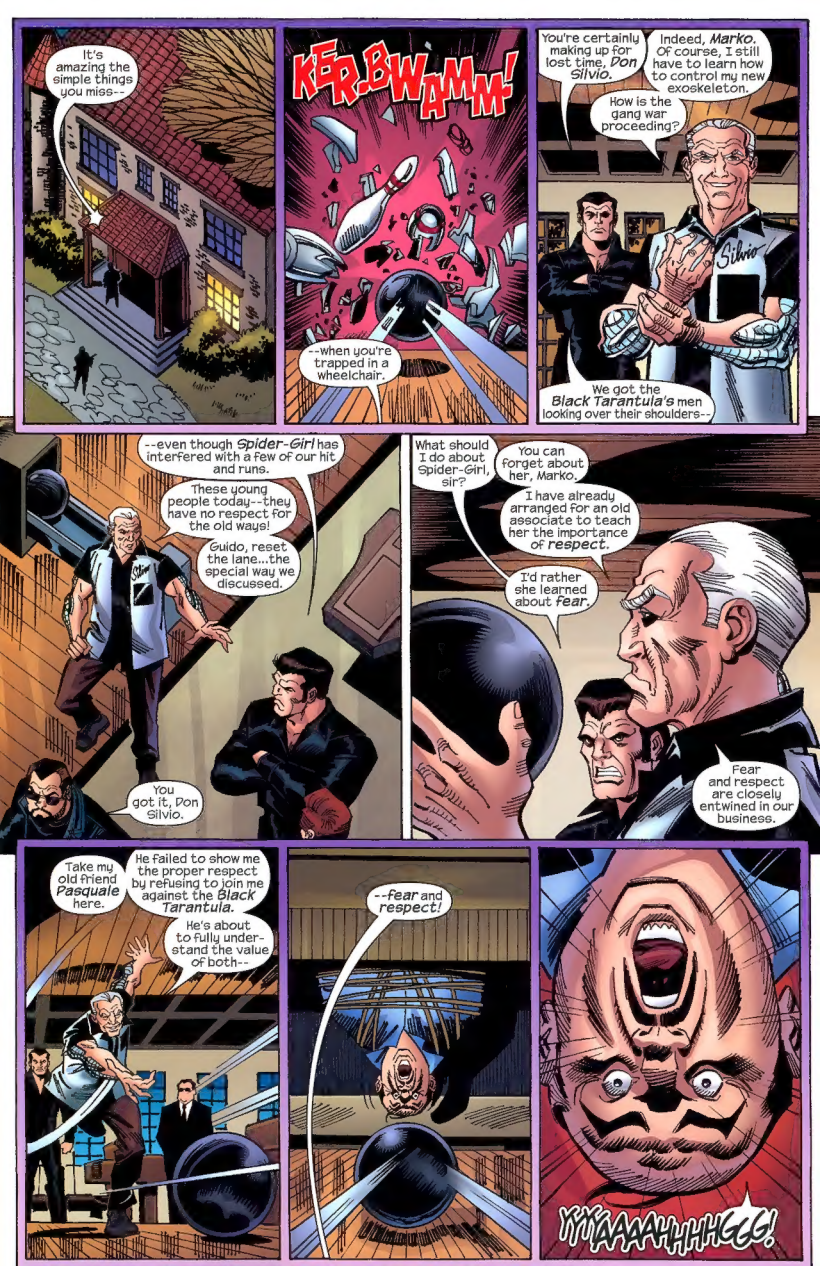
the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

TOM DEFALCO & RON FRENZ SCRIPT, PLOT AND PENCILS SAL BUSCEMA FINISHED ART
HANG, CROSSLEY, KALISZ & FABELA COLORISTS DAVE SHARPE LETTERER TOM BRENNAN EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT CONSULTING JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

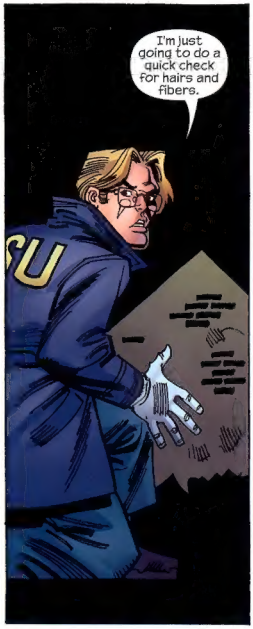
WHO KILLED GWEN REILLY?
I just arrived a few seconds before you.
Why ask me?
You are the most logical suspect.
Not only have you gone postal in the past, but your moral compass needs a major realignment.
My name is May "Mayday" Parker and I am the daughter of Spider-Man.
You've recently begun calling yourself April Parker and I'm still hoping you're my clone--
--because my self-esteem will take a real hit if I'm yours.
This poor girl showed up about an hour ago and claimed to be the daughter of my Uncle Ben.
Dad is convinced she's an imposter--
--but that doesn't give anyone the right to murder her.


C'mon, April! You must have seen something.
She couldn't have been out of your sight for more than a few seconds.
Whoa! Whoa! Are you accusing me of something?
I thought we were going to start acting like sisters and trust each other.
Trust has to be earned and-- hey!
I suddenly sense danger.
So what are we waiting for?
Let's check it out.
This is really odd.
I was sure it was coming from up here.
Where'd they go?
How could they have gotten away?
As quick as our spider-like reflexes are--
--there are those who move even faster.
Yeah.
Pull the other one why don'cha?
This is boring.
How long do we have to keep looking?
A girl was murdered, April.
It's our responsibility to find the killer.
Why? We barely knew Gwen.
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
Sounds like somebody called the cops.
She's their problem now.
This is just great!
I gotta call dad.
He's gonna love this!
Hey! How come you have a cell phone and I don't?

What?!
How could anyone have gotten to that poor girl?
I thought the two of you were watching her.
We were--
--but I, uhhh, we got a little distracted.
You need to keep your priorities straight, May--
--I was counting on you.
What should we do now?
Absolutely nothing.
Thank goodness Phil Ulrich is on duty tonight.
I'll have him go over that crime scene personally.
Please tell me you didn't compromise it.
You taught me better than that.
We didn't touch a thing.
Excuse me, Cell Phone Girl...
What am I supposed to do with this stupid thing?
Oh, no!
Uhhh, Dad...
We forgot to retrieve the spider-tracer that we planted on her earlier.
WHAT?!?
Don't try to ignore me, May!
We're going to finish this cell phone conversation.


It's amazing the simple things you miss--
KER-BWAMM!
--when you're trapped in a wheelchair.
You're certainly making up for lost time, Don Silvio.
Indeed, Marko. Of course, I still have to learn how to control my new exoskeleton.
How is the gang war proceeding?
Silvio
We got the Black Tarantula's men looking over their shoulders--
--even though Spider-Girl has interfered with a few of our hit and runs.
These young people today--they have no respect for the old ways!
Guido, reset the lane...the special way we discussed.
You got it, Don Silvio.
What should I do about Spider-Girl, sir?
You can forget about her, Marko.
I have already arranged for an old associate to teach her the importance of respect.
I'd rather she learned about fear.
Fear and respect are closely entwined in our business.
Take my old friend Pasquale here.
He failed to show me the proper respect by refusing to join me against the Black Tarantula.
He's about to fully understand the value of both--
--fear and respect!
YYYAAAAHHHGG!

She's all yours, Phil.
Medical Examiner already pronounced her.
Really?
FLASH
What was his first clue?
CSU


I'm just going to do a quick check for hairs and fibers.
CSU

Don't want to lose anything important when we move her.
What the heck is *that*?

Some kind of pin or toy?
I...I doubt it's anything important, Captain Ruiz.
It's still evidence, Urich.
Bag it and note that you found it in the vic's left coat pocket.
Will do, Captain.

What have you got for me, Drasco?
Not much.
We have an unidentified white female who--pending the results of a full autopsy--appears to have died from multiple stab wounds.
EVIDENCE

I hate cases like this.
Join the club.
CSU

Phil called earlier this morning to bring me up to speed...
What he say, dad?
Seems the murderer walked off with all Gwen's identification.
That's a stroke of luck.
What makes you say *that*, April?
If the cops don't know she was calling herself *Gwen Reilly*, they can't tie her to us.
Except A) I work for the cops.
B) I want this murder solved.
And C) Phil had to log a certain *spider-tracer* into evidence.
Ouch!
Yeah... *ouch!*
I don't know about you, but I didn't sleep a wink last night.
No wonder you look so raggedy.
Something bugging you?
Dead girl?
Gang war?
Any of these ring a bell?
You worry too much.
This so-called "Gwen" was a liar and a con artist who didn't mean our family any good.
She probably got exactly what she deserved.
Besides, as you often remind me, we're the good guys.
If the cops don't find her killer, I'm sure we will.
Hoo-boy! Either April's the most well-adjusted person I've ever met--
--or a total *sociopath!*

Interesting!
Your criminal empire is under attack--
--and I find you idling away the hours with a serenity tree.
I'm glad I can still surprise you, Araña.
Shock is more like it.
If I didn't know better, I'd say the Black Tarantula has lost his ever-loving mind.
But you do know better.
The purpose of this exercise is to achieve subtlety and balance.
It is quite similar to my duties as the Kingpin of Crime.
I keep the criminals in line by giving them rules which must be obeyed--
--and help maintain the delicate equilibrium between the predators and the prey.
I didn't realize you were such a humanitarian. Someone should give you an award.
Would you like me to dispose of the trash, master?
That won't be necessary, Chesbro.
What do you have here?
It appears Don Silvio has engaged the services of a well-known assassin.
Anyone we know?
I'm afraid so...
CONFIDENTIAL
LINCOLN, L.

Oh, no!
MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
I forgot all about Wes.
Hey, Parker--was I punked last night?
I hung around Café Indigo for nearly an hour and nobody showed.
I...I am so sorry, Wes... something unexpected came up.
Who's the cutie, May?
None of your business.
I hope it wasn't anything serious.
No, not at all.
Are you blushing?
Introduce me!
Ahhh, never mind...
So you're Wes. I'm April. May's cousin.
Yeah, I... I can see the resemblance.
You are so adorable.
How's about you show the new girl around?
Llummm...I'm sure May would prefer to...
Forget, May! She's got labs to do and papers to write.
You know how she is--
--she never has time for anything fun!

I don't believe it.
I've been dancing around the Wes issue for months--
--and April waltzes off with him on her second day at Midtown.
Maybe she is the original.
She certainly seems comfortable living my life.
Thanks for the ride.
My pleasure.
Are you still there, sir?
One moment...
Please tell me you have managed to locate Fury.
I wish I could, sir.
She seems to have vanished without a trace.
I don't have to tell you what a disaster this is...
I can't keep avoiding Philippe DeJunae. He wants to know what happened to his daughter.
Find her!

Since I'm not much of a detective, I decide to contact someone who is--
RRRRING!
--and arrange to meet him after school.
I don't even botner trying to find April.
Although I do wonder if she's meeting Wes.
Bah! I can't worry about that.
Not when I'm in the middle of a murder mystery.
ROOF
Thanks for coming, Parkdevil.
What's the big emergency?
I tell him all about the girl who called herself Gwen Reilly.
I...I'm familiar with your family history...and have certainly heard of Ben Reilly.
Dad's convinced the girl's a fake.
He claims Ben never had any kids.
Your father doesn't know... everything.
Wh what are you saying?
I need to look into this matter--
--and you should investigate the rooftops around the crime scene.
Not a bad idea.
Call me if you learn anything.
You do the same.

I spend the next few hours going from rooftop to rooftop--
--searching--
--scouring--
--hunting!
If April was bored last night--
--she'd be dying now.
(Which, I must confess, holds a certain sick appeal.)
Even my attention span is starting to lag when I finally spot it--
--blood splatter.
While I know it could belong to anyone, my gut says Gwen.
That means April just might be as innocent as she claims.
If the murderer passed this way, he or she may have the ability to fly, teleport or just travel over the rooftops.
That means my suspect list still includes nearly every costumed clown I know and--
BUDA!
KA-BWAM!
BWAM!
Sounds like it's web-swinging time!

Don't be ridiculous!
Ben Reilly did not have a daughter.
How can YOU be so certain, Kaine?
Even he didn't know about his own son.
Your mother was the only woman he ever truly loved.
Trust me. I kept a close eye on Ben for years.
You are his only child.
Then who is this woman?
ONLY
MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT
Today's your lucky day, Urich. Believe it or not, I got a quick hit on your vic's prints.
I was you, I'd buy me a lottery ticket.
I just might do that, Marty.
Ohmigosh!
Pete's going to freak when he sees this report.

Down with the Black Tarantula!
Are you guys nuts?
We work for Fancy Dan and don't care who he splits with.
I hear you, brother.
You're just worker bees and have no interest in hive politics.
Let's all hold hands and let the bosses fight their own battles.
Lady, you're even crazier than these mooks.
BRA-TAA-TAA-TAA
So much for my big Kumbaya moment.

Guess I'll just have to resort to the usual routine.
THWIP!
THWIP!
THWIP!
THWIP!
THWIP!
THWIP!
Huh--?!
What's the big idea?
Do you *really* need an answer?
Nice work, Spider-Girl.
We could use a couple *dozen* of you with this *gang war* going on.
Bite your tongue, officer! One of me is more than sufficient.
Besides, you guys are the real heroes and--
Uh-Oh! I'm getting that *feeling*, again.
There's danger above me.
Is it possible the murderer has returned?

Come out!
Come out!
Wherever you are!
As you wish my dear...
It's a pleasure to finally meet you.
THWONG!
KSMAAASH!
I knew your father.
At least I assume you're related.
He must have mentioned me over the years.
BKWAAASH!

The name is TOMBSTONE!
TO BE CONTINUED!